

## THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - KANSAS.

### THE BORES.

There's the man who let's you shake his limp hand—  
He's a bore.  
And the man who leans against you when you stand—  
He's a bore.

Get his gore.  
There's the man who has a fear  
That the world is, year by year,  
Growing worse—perhaps he's near—  
Bolt the door.

There's the fellow with conundrum quite antique—  
He's a bore.  
And the man who asks you "What?" when'er  
you speak—  
He's a bore.

Though you roar.  
There's the man who slaps your back  
With a button-busting whack—  
If you think he's on your track,  
Bolt the door.

There's the punster with his everlasting pun—  
He's a bore.  
And the man who makes alliterative "fun"—  
Worse and more!

There's the man who tells the tale  
That a year ago was stale—  
Like as not he's out of jail—  
Bolt the door.

—Chicago News.

### BEHIND CRIME'S CURTAIN

A Peep at the Way Justice Is Cheated.

Scientific Burglars—The Champion Rogues of the World—How the Burglar Divides His Plunder—Two Murders at Sea.

A little blue cloud of smoke floated over the head of a well-known criminal lawyer of this city yesterday as he sat in a big, soft, shiny leather chair and dreamily puffed dainty wreaths and garlands from a long cigar. His fat, red hands, sparkling with diamonds, drooped lazily over the creased sides of the chair, and every time the wide bosom of his shirt rose and fell a bunch of jewels twinkled and blazed, a fairy island in a white sea, beneath which a thousand dark secrets rolled like the bones of dead sailors. Deep gray eyes, rosy cheeks and a thick, red neck, swollen with muscles, lay against the dark brown back cushions. From the snowy cuffs that encased the burly wrists a pair of large manacles of solid gold dangled.

From the walls of the room a faded picture of Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn stared at a faded picture of Reddy the Black-mith, and My Lord was not flattered by the comparison either. At the door was an old-fashioned little boy with keen eyes and a sharp nose.

"Yes," said the obstructer of the course of justice, to a reporter while fanning the blue cloud away, "I've known personally nearly all the criminals that have amounted to anything in the last twenty-five years. Men of brains? Well, I should say so. If the cause of education had such men of heroism and genius enlisted on its side how much better the world might be today, and how much poorer I might be! It's dreadful to think of what wickedness there is in the world, and yet I long ago made up my mind that we had to bear with it in a spirit of Christian fortitude. This is really a very pleasant cigar."

Here the lawyer crossed his legs and sighed with an air of delicious contentment. The golden shackles jingled and twinkled as he gently rubbed his chubby palms together and settled himself more cozily in the chair.

**DIFFERENT KINDS OF BURGLARS.**

"I long ago learned to distinguish between criminals in a way that the ordinary public seldom understands. Now, take the burglar, for instance. He is a fine, romantic figure, and yet burglars differ in their spheres as professors. The great anatomist, Dr. Virchow, the great anatomist, differs from an ordinary coroner's assistant. In the lower walks of life we have the common burglar, the tramping vagabond who breaks into a house upon the mere chance that the people may be asleep, and that he may find something worth stealing. Such men seldom rise in life and are mere drags upon modern civilization. I always think of their poor lawyers with a feeling of profound pity. Hardened as my profession may make me, I always hope to have some tender feelings. The drunken burglar comes next in the scale. He loafs around bar-rooms all day, swigs beer and whisky until his brains are all fuddled, and at night he breaks into some unprotected grocery store. Now I come to a very interesting class of people, who are generally chaperoned by persons like a certain dear old lady now in Canada who shall be nameless. These burglars send young women—in most cases their own sweethearts—to intelligence offices in order to get situations as servants to wealthy families. These servants learn where the family valuables are kept, study the habits of their employers, and then, at the right hour, leave the door open. The burglar who works on this plan finds his task easy. Colored criminals use this scheme very much. You remember that it was only a few months ago that Gertrude Ash, a colored servant, concealed her lover in the house where she was employed, and thus enabled him to steal what he wanted."

**THE HIGH-TONED FELLOWS.**

"Then there are the educated, systematic burglars—the men of science. Ah! what magnificent men I have known! These men never go into a house on a chance of finding booty. They first learn what kind of wealth is kept in the house. If it is jewelry, they arrange their plans to steal jewelry; if it is bonds, as in the case of the great Lord robbery, they get ready to steal bonds. When they enter the house they do not seize the first valuable thing they see, but work systematically toward the place where the jewelry or the bonds are kept. The first thing a man of science plans is how to get out of the house he is going to rob. One of the greatest burglars that ever lived said to me: 'Any mechanic with cool nerves can break into a house, but it takes a man of brains to get out.' The true burglar has arranged before he enters the house just what he will do if the occupants discover the burglary—

turn the light out, lock the hall door, drop out of the pantry window, climb the fence and dash away in a carriage waiting for him around the corner. The man of science never works unless he has sentinels posted outside to warn him in case of emergency. The popular method of posting these sentinels is to hire a room opposite to the place where the robbery is to occur. The sentinels have a wife with a handkerchief tied to it or some other signal by which the burglars can be warned. The scientific man comes prepared to kill, and when he is cornered is the most merciless criminal you can encounter. But he will never kill while there is a hope of escape. A man of science shrinks from murder except as the very last means of avoiding capture. There is one little thing about systematic burglars which few people know of. They never address each other by their real names when engaged in a crime. The usual way is to give each other a number. Then the leader can talk without giving the police a clew to the identity of his confederates. He can say, 'Here, No. 1, you gag this man. No. 2, you bring that jimmy and lantern into the next room.' You see, in order to carry out a big plan several men must be in the conspiracy, and this is the way they communicate with each other."

**THE "BOSS" BURGLAR.**

"Who do you think is the best burglar in the world?"

"Dan Noble. He is at present living against his will in England. Dan was caught in an attempt upon the Bank of England. You don't know what a man he was."

The lawyer shook his head sadly.

"How about Bill Vosburgh; wasn't he a clever burglar?"

"Oh! don't mention such a man in the same breath with Dan Noble," cried the lawyer, with an expression of pain upon his face. "It simply disgusts me. What! Bill Vosburgh compared to Dan Noble! A common sneak thief compared to the king of scientists! Why, Noble could do anything. Many a time he's sat in the very chair you're sitting in and talked to me. Some of the great bank burglars become electricians and chemists. A man who was once a celebrated burglar, but who is at present an honored physician, told me when I was defending him that he could go through a steel shutter with a phial of acid, a piece of silk and a spring saw just as if he was cutting through so much tissue paper. Burglars study electricity in order to cope with patent alarms."

**HOW "THE SWAG" IS DISPOSED OF.**

"But there are some things in which the poor burglar is misunderstood. He seldom gets the lion's share of the profit. Take a sample case. I'll give you one founded upon a fact that will illustrate scores of others. A burglar breaks into a silk house and gets away with two or three cases that cost the owner, say, \$5,000. He has to pay at least two confederates. Before the burglary he had to hire a floor in some cheap tenement house and an express wagon. The silk is taken in the wagon to the tenement house, for no receiver of stolen goods or fence, as we call such a person, would allow so many goods to be carted to the receiving place. It would attract too much attention. If the wagon and horse belong to a trusted friend the burglar returns them; if not, he lets them go in the street and don't bother his head about them. Now, the next thing to do is to call in three or four fences to bid for the silk. It is a curious fact, but a true one, nevertheless, that when a man is robbed he always says that his loss is greater than it really is. In this case the merchant claims that the silk stolen from him is worth over \$9,000, instead of \$5,000, its real value. The burglar reads the newspapers, for he must always keep up sharply with the news of the day, and gets from the merchant's misrepresentation an exaggerated idea of what his booty is worth. The first fence to arrive surveys the silk and says, 'Mine friend, those goods are worth \$25,000; I give you \$10,000, or I half to sell for \$2,500 to a friend of mine who knows all about dot ropery.' The fence is perfectly honest in his statement, but the burglar doesn't believe him and refuses to sell.

**WHERE THE DETECTIVE COMES IN.**

"Now, what does the fence do? I don't want to be too explicit, but the chances are that within a few hours a detective taps the burglar on the shoulder. 'Say, wasn't that a curious burglary in So-and-so's silk warehouse?' says the detective. 'I don't know anything about it,' says the poor burglar, who is now inwardly quaking. 'Yes, you do,' says the detective, 'and you've got the stuff. Now I give you till to-morrow to fork over the stuff to the owner, or I'll collar it and you, too.' You see, the detective doesn't know where the silk is hid, but he pretends he does. What does the poor burglar do now? He either sends for the fence and sells the silk for whatever he can get, or he agrees with the detective to return the goods to the owner for say \$2,000 reward. If the latter course is decided upon, the public suddenly learns of a very brilliant piece of detective work through which two detectives have unearthed the headquarters of a gang of burglars. The thieves managed to escape, but all their swag was captured. Thus the silk is returned to the owner, who pays the reward, in which the burglar and the fence share. You see what a discouraging thing it is to be a burglar."

**A BURGLAR AT HOME.**

"A man like Dan Noble sometimes becomes prominent in his own community. Dan lived in Elmira and owned trotting horses there. I have often heard it said that he was so popular in Elmira that the authorities could not get a conviction against him there. Once when I was on my way to Binghamton to get a famous burglar out on bail I met Dan Noble on the train. He had a whole section in the car, had two splendid dogs, and was waited upon as if he was a Prince. I told him where I was going, and he laughed. 'I'm on my way to my residence,' he said. 'It's too bad that people will get themselves in trouble, isn't it?' Noble, you will remember, stole over \$7,000,000 in bonds from Mr. Lord."

**A PRINCE OF SNEAK THIEVES.**

"Who is another remarkable criminal of your acquaintance?"

"Chauncey Johnston. He's dead now."

The lawyer turned his head away. Then there was a moment of silence. Then he pressed a piece of blotting-paper to his eyes.

"Chauncey was the most eminent sneak thief that ever lived," he said. "He made over \$500,000 in his profession, and yet he died a beggar. Sad, isn't it? Well, that is the way of the world. Chauncey once robbed the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The story never came out, but I'll tell it now. Every year the New England Society had a dinner at the hotel. When the committee was arranging for the dinner one day in the little room at the back of the main office Chauncey walked in. He was elegantly dressed and picked his teeth with a gold toothpick. The hotel proprietors thought he was a member of the committee and the committee thought he was one of the proprietors. There is a safe close to the door of the little room, and Chauncey stole the first thing in it he could reach. When he got home he found that he had stolen very valuable papers belonging to an English clergyman. The clergyman went back to England and, of course, put in his claim against the hotel. Shortly afterward Chauncey visited the Fifth Avenue Hotel again and made another haul from the safe. Just as he got to the sidewalk he was grabbed by a big Irish porter who saw him commit the robbery. Well, Chauncey hired me and gave me the story. I suggested to the hotel proprietors that the English clergyman ought to have his papers, and they were returned, not, however, before Chauncey's accusers recommended the Court to give him a life sentence."

**QUICK WORK IN A BANK.**

"When you talk about the manner in which criminals get their liberty I can tell you some daisies. You've often noticed that the paying tellers' windows in banks are guarded by little iron or brass bars? Well, before Dutch Heinrich's time the windows were entirely open. By the way, what a genius he was."

The lawyer closed his eyes in ecstasy and murmured the name.

"Heinrich used to wait till the teller of a bank had a good pile of money in front of his window, and then he would reach in, seize an armful if he could and get away so quickly that pursuit was hopeless. During the war Heinrich got away with two bags of gold from a Wall street bank in this fashion. He passed the bags to confederates, who managed to escape. Heinrich, however, was arrested. He offered to return some of the gold if he was set at liberty. The President of the bank accepted one bag of gold and then bailed Heinrich out. The case was before Justice Hogan, and I remember it very well."

**TWO MURDERS AT SEA.**

"I'll tell you of a thing that saved a man's life, and I didn't even have to tell a lie to do it either. In 1864 a man named Griffin was mate of a big ship. He wanted to be Captain, and so he induced the steward, a man named Lees, to help him kill the Captain. They rubbed blue vitriol on the edge of a drinking-glass, and in this way poisoned the Captain, who died. The owners were notified, but instead of promoting Griffin they hired another Captain from the outside. Griffin was wild over his disappointment, and he killed the second Captain in the same way. Again the owners went outside for a man to fill the vacancy. The Mate made an attempt to poison the Captain, but the owners of the vessel suspected what was the matter and had the bodies of the two murdered Captains exhumed. Traces of poison were discovered and both Griffin and Lees were arrested. Lees confessed, and when Griffin was tried in New York I defended him. The court was in Burto's Theater, in Chambers street, on the very spot where the American News Company's building is to-day. My wife wanted to hear me defend Griffin, and she came to court with her little baby in her arms. Well, the trial went on. I made Lees, the steward, admit that he had terrible dreams, in which the scenes of the murder haunted him. Upon this mainly I based a theory that Lees was the real and the only murderer, and that he was trying to implicate Griffin to save his own neck. When I got up to sum up the case I felt shaky. I wanted to awaken some emotion in the breasts of the jurors, and yet I couldn't see my way clear. While I was talking my eye happened to alight upon my wife and baby sitting in a far corner of the room. It was an inspiration. Pointing at them I cried: 'Oh, gentlemen! gentlemen! Will you make that mother a widow and that innocent babe an orphan? Can you look upon those guiltless ones and send this man to an undeer death?'

"The jury was moved to tears, and I need not tell you that Griffin's life was saved. My wife, who was too far away to hear my words, never could understand why she suddenly became the center of attraction for all the eyes in the room. I may as well tell you that Griffin was unmarried. The present Judge Andrews was Assistant United States District Attorney in the case. The baby is now the mother of five of my grandchildren."

**A BANK OF ENGLAND BURGLAR.**

"Of course you've heard of McDonald, the great Bank of England forger, who is now serving out a life sentence—well, I knew him well. He used to practice his profession in this city. He was a mean man and would screw his lawyer down to the last cent. Even his abilities can never make me admire such a man. McDonald's greatest game was this: He would hire a cheap house on South street, in those days was a poor neighborhood, and would put up on the front of the house a sign, such as Buggins & Co., commission merchants, or Muggins & Co., shipping merchants. Then he would order whole shiploads of goods from Canada and other distant places. Sometimes his victims would make proper inquiries about Buggins & Co. and would refuse to fill the orders. Other firms would jump at the princely style of the orders and would send on the goods. Of course Buggins & Co. would instantly sell the goods, pocket the cash and disappear. McDonald got \$1,700 worth of umbrellas from Spencer H. Smith, a wholesaler. The swindle was discovered and McDonald was arrested. Although the umbrellas were taken to

Police Headquarters the prisoner made an assignment of them to me, together with some furniture he owned. McDonald was arraigned before Judge Downing, in the Tombs, and discharged."

"How?"

"Oh, in consequence of his innocence. Good heavens, what a question!"

"What did you do with the umbrellas?"

"When I went to get them I found that Spencer H. Smith's lawyer had put an attachment upon them. I offered to compromise and take half of the umbrellas, but the other fellow wouldn't give up one. The result was that they rotted in Police Headquarters, and, for all I know, the frames are there now."

**THE STORY OF AN ALIBI.**

"Some criminals are well versed in law. I remember a case in point. A man named Page and a pal broke into a house in Surrey, England, and got away with a mass of valuable plate. They were arrested, and I had them bailed out. Now alibis concocted by burglars are generally very weak, but Page was an extraordinary fellow, and he executed a very shrewd trick. He took two friends out in a buggy, drove them across London Bridge and stopped at a hotel called the Elephant and Castle. The three drank wine, and Page swept the empty glasses from the table. When the waiter returned he asked who broke the glasses. 'I did with my cane,' said Page. 'Why?' said the waiter. 'Because I wanted to,' roared Page. The result was that Page paid for the glasses. He next took his friends to Merton, where they had dinner. Page gave the waiter a bad guinea, and, after a dispute, substituted a good coin. Then they went to Epsom, where they entered a gypsy's tent and cut the tent strings. I would here observe that they got a beating which they didn't bargain for. On the day of the trial Page swore that when the burglary was perpetrated he was at Epsom. He then called his two witnesses, who told the story of the trip I have described, simply substituting the date of the burglary for the real date. The subtlest cross-examination failed to shake their testimony, for they only had to tell one little lie and all the rest was the truth."

"Haven't criminals often suggested false alibis?"

"Yes, but they are very unsafe. Besides that, they are immoral. John Flood, the celebrated murderer, once asked me to take poison into the Tombs so that he could commit suicide."

"You refused, of course?"

"What! in the middle of my case? I should say so."

"Homicide cases pay well, don't they?"

"Not as a rule. I was assigned by the Court to defend a murderer free of charge, and it cost my firm \$1,800 in cash to foot the expenses. I never got a cent back."

"Do criminals, as a rule, try to deceive lawyers as to their guilt?"

"An old one doesn't, but a new one does. It's always best to tell your lawyer the truth."

"Do they try to cheat lawyers out of their pay?"

"Almost every man who is arrested for the first or second time tries to skin his lawyer. He thinks it's a clever thing. Old criminals are sure pay. They know that if they cheat their lawyer he'll make it hot the next time they are caught. I've dealt with all kinds of criminals. Why, in the very chair you sit on, I've seen Reddy the Blacksmith, Bill Tweed, Chauncey Johnston, Dutch Heinrich, Johnny the Mick, Billy Porter, Sheeney Mike, McDonald, Sharkey, the murderer; Dan Noble, Spence Pettus, the king of genteel malefactors; George Howard, the murdered burglar; George Ellis, Mother Mandelbaum—hold on, where are you going, young man? Hold on, you are safe here—"

**A FISH-DESTROYER.**

How Young Mountain Trout Are Killed by Mosquitoes.

Mr. C. H. Murray, of Denver, writes to Prof. Baird the following:

In the middle or latter part of June—I think it was—in 1882, I was prospecting on the headwaters of the Tuniche Creek, in the Gunnison Valley, Colorado. About nine o'clock in the morning I sat down in the shade of some willows that skirted a clear but shallow place in the creek. In a quiet part of the water, where their movements were readily discernible, were some fresh-hatched brook or mountain trout; and circling about over the water was a small swarm of mosquitoes. The trout were very young, still having the pellucid scale pushing out from the region of the gills, with the rest of their body almost transparent when they would swim into a portion of the water that was lighted up by direct sunshine. Every few minutes these baby trout—for what purpose I do not know, unless to get the benefit of more air—would come to the surface of the water, so that the top of their head was level with the surface of the water. When this was the case, a mosquito would alight, and immediately transfix the trout by inserting his proboscis, or bill into the brain of the fish, which seemed incapable of escaping. The mosquito would hold his victim steady until he had extracted all the life juices; and when this was accomplished, and he flew away, the dead trout would turn over on his back and float down the stream. I was so interested in this before unheeded destruction of fish, that I watched the depredations of these mosquitoes for more than half an hour; and in that time over twenty trout were sucked dry, and their lifeless shells sent floating away with the current. It was the only occasion that I was ever witness to the fact, and I have been unable by inquiry to ascertain if others have observed a similar destruction of fish. I am sure the fish were trout, as the locality was quite near snow line, and the water very cold, and no other fish were in the stream at that altitude. From this observation, I am satisfied that great numbers of trout, and perhaps in clear fish of other varieties in this water, must come to their death in this way; and if the fact has not been heretofore recorded, it is important to those interested in pisciculture. —Scientific American.

Experiments prove that flowers are susceptible to poisons.

### A DISCOMFITED WIDOW.

Why She Thinks That There's No Fool Like an Old Fool.

Judge Pennabunker, of Austin, is an irascible old man who boards and lodges at the hostelry of the Widow Flapjack. The widow does everything in her power to make the old man happy and contented, although Judge Pennabunker is quite wealthy and really does not need any outside assistance.

The old gentleman used an arm chair with a straight back which the widow thought was a very uncomfortable chair. She determined to make things more comfortable for him; so on the recent occasion of his birthday she presented him with a new rocking chair, and a large bouquet.

The old gentleman was very much pleased with the presents. He told the widow that a rocking chair of that kind was just what he wanted, that he had often sighed for it. He also was delighted with the bouquet.

Seating himself in the chair, old Pennabunker rocked himself backwards and forwards energetically, smelling the bouquet and smiling at the widow, who wore a glorified expression of countenance.

"This is fun. I have never felt so comfortable in my life," said the old man.

"I knew you would like the chair," said the widow, "the more you use it the better you will like it. You can lean back and rock yourself so comfortably. I don't know how I could get along without a rocking chair."

"I e ther," said the old Judge, with a beaming smile as he leaned forward, still smelling the flowers. Then he leaned backwards. The chair went back further than the old man expected, and he made a frantic effort to regain his equilibrium, which was slipping away. As he did so, his feet soared up so high that his slippers fell off and hit him on the nose. Then the old gentleman's face assumed an expression similar to that which is observed on the face of a man who sits down on a tack as a preliminary move to pick it up. He made another lunge, throwing the bouquet into the air very much as an obstruction is removed by the coveateer of a locomotive.

Then he stood on his head and worked his legs like those of a jumping jack, while the widow's eyes hung out like door knobs, with horror. He did not linger in that position very long, for before the widow could rush to his assistance he was pawing around on all fours like an infant, but using language that was not fit for a grown-up boy to use. The widow fled in dismay as he seized the chair and chased her a time or two around the room, trying to smite her with it. The widow Flapjack darted out the door, followed closely by the chair, which pursued her all the way down stairs and almost overtook her before she reached bottom.

Judge Pennabunker is looking for a new boarding-house, and the chair will have to be repaired before it is fit to be used as kindling wood to start the fire with. The bouquet was discovered in the slop pail. The widow says that there is no fool like an old fool. —Texas Siftings.

### CARLSRUHE.

The Picturesque Capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

This, the capital of the grand duchy of Baden, is a curious old place. It is not so very old, either, as a century and a half ago there was nothing here but a hunting-box which the Margrave Charles William had built as a resting-place when out looking for game. Every time that he came to the place he was used to expressing his admiration of the beauty of the site, and one day a courtier, braver than his fellows, remarked that it really was a pity that his Highness could not transfer his castle at Baden-Baden to the spot and make it his home.

"Well, if I can't transport the old Schloss, I can at least build a palace here that will be worthy of the site," said the Margrave.

He gave orders to have the plans prepared, and when they were placed before him he took up a pencil and traced out a map of the town, which he said should be built around the palace and be called Carlsruhe. In the portrait of this prince which hangs in the collection at the "New Castle" at Baden-Baden, he is represented with this outlined plan in his hands. I was reminded of Annapolis, Md., when I first saw this place. They are not alike, but both have the most queerly arranged streets that I ever saw. I am not going to describe the curious old seaport where the naval academy is situated, except to say that there the streets run in a circle around the old capitol—or is it a courthouse? It is twenty-odd years since I saw it. Here the palace forms a central point, whence radiate, on one side only, wide avenues, which are united by semi-circular streets. Back of the palace there is no town whatever, but the park and gardens are splendid. Handsome public buildings, elegant private residences and rich churches ornament the town, all the streets of which are remarkably clean. —Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

### A Model Wife.

A bank clerk called at the residence of Colonel Yerger to collect a draft. He was met at the door by Mrs. Yerger.

"Is the Colonel in?"

"He is in but—"

"But what?"

"He is indisposed."

"Yes, that's what I expected. He is always indisposed, when I come around with a draft."

"I don't wonder at it. It was getting in the way of a draft that gave him rheumatism. How is he to recover if he exposed himself to drafts?"

"I don't see how we are to recover either, if he keeps out of the way of the draft. I see he is in a pain."

"No, his payin' days are over for the present," replied Mrs. Yerger, as she quietly but firmly closed the door. —Texas Siftings.

A London woman earns a living by filling up worm-holes in old books, each leaf being separately and patiently dealt with, the material being chewed or "pulped" and pressed into the hole. The charge is sixpence a hole.

### SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The colored people of the South publish eighty newspapers and furnish sixteen thousand teachers for the schools.

—Senator Anthony bequeathed to Brown University the only known copy of the original edition of "The New England Primer."

—Rev. George O. Barnes, the evangelist, who created so much excitement in Kentucky and other sections a few years ago, and who seemed to spurn all wholesome regulations, being conspicuously a law unto himself, has now united with the Church of England, and is at present in India.

—American school-books are not desired in Argentina. A New York firm sent text-books into the country, according to contract, but neither the histories nor geographies were accepted. It was found that they represented the condition of the country as it was twenty-five years ago and alluded to it as "The Argentine Confederation." The use of that term was a mortal insult to the people, since it was decided by civil war that Argentina is not a confederation of States, but a nation. —N. Y. Tribune.

—Some of the words which Miss Kneil, at the recent teachers' meeting, brought forward as samples of the spelling returned on the examination for admission to the high school are as follows: Physique was spelled psique, phiseec, phiseke, phiseque, physic, physick, phisque, phizeeke, physique, phiseque, phiseque and phisece; etiquette—etiquet, etiket, etecate and etecet; petifogger—petaphogger, pedafogger and petefogger; vehicle—veacle and vehelcal; geyser—gizer and gysere. —Springfield, (Mass.) Republican.

—A confession upon cribbing in colleges has revealed dark and devious ways in education. One man is said to squeeze through a tight place by writing memoranda on his polished boots and rubbing chalk into the marks. Trade dollars, smoothed on one side and inscribed with memoranda, aid the cribber. Another method is a paper in the sleeve, kept out of sight by an elastic and drawn forward when needed. Writing on sleeve cuffs has fallen into disuse. But the happiest invention of all is a series of pockets all the way down the trousers-legs, in which may be stowed away the greater part of a text-book. —Chicago Times.

—When Jesse Witt was doing his best work as a pioneer in Texas he undertook to raise a large collection, and after forcibly presenting the merits of the case he said: "This thing must be done, and I will give \$100 to help to do it. How much will you give, brethren?" A Baptist layman arose and said: "I will give \$500 for myself and I will also pay Brother Witt's \$100." It was the seeing of this weather-beaten pioneer giving \$100 which aroused the layman. To see a preacher give is often a means of grace to others; but he can not give if he is not paid for his services. —Richmond, (Va.) Religious Herald.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Pennsylvania man put some dynamite in the kitchen stove to dry the other day, and neither the stove nor the dynamite can be found. Some men are awful wasteful. —Philadelphia Call.

—O'Leary, the pedestrian, is said to have walked 75,000 miles since he left America, and various "star" actors and actresses, not so well known as Dan, are feeling more hopeful. —Oil City Derrick.

—If there is anything more dangerous than the unloaded gun, which always goes off when it is pointed at anybody, it is the pleasure boat that can't tip over. It is this kind of boat which tips over every time. —Boston Transcript.

—A South Carolina woman rode twenty-five miles through a drizzling rain to marry the man she loved. Seemingly as though a man would be rather shy about marrying a woman with so much energy as that. —Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

—Enter Mr. Suave (with his son Tommy). Mr. Suave—"Ah! how do you, Mr. Jones? Tommy, this is Mr. Jones; you've heard me speak of him." "Oh, yes; that's the man you told mother was the biggest fraud in the city." —Boston Transcript.

—A young married couple from Texas were doing Niagara Falls. They were being conducted under the falls by a guide. "You must take care now, for if you let your foot slip you will be lost." "Jane, you go on ahead," said the man from Texas. —Texas Siftings.

—In Canterbury, England, the other day, a curious brass box was dug up. Its name and purpose was a mystery until being opened, there was found inside three buttons, a piece of tin and a scrap of paper. Then they knew it was an ancient contribution box. —Philadelphia Call.

—"You needn't pretend to look down on me, sir," said a tramp to a lawyer, of whom he was begging. "Well, it seems to me you think you are somebody." "Well, I'm just as good as you, sir. I solicit money of you, that's all. So I don't see but that we are both in the same boat—both solicitors." —Chicago Tribune.

—When Daniel Webster sat down one cold winter morning to write "Beautiful Snow," he little thought how many writers would rise up and claim to be his true and only author. It would have been much better for Daniel had he been content with the fame his dictionary had brought him. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Mr. Smith (who has just married his second)—"Mr. Featherly, I would like to present you to my wife. My dear Mr. Featherly." Mr. Featherly—"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Smith. I knew the former Mrs. Smith very well." Mrs. Smith—"Indeed?" Mr. Featherly—"O my, yes! She was an admirably woman in every respect. Her death was a great misfortune to Mr. Smith."

—Lat's Journal of Health says "intense thirst is satisfied by wading in water." Here is an idea theatrical managers should immediately act upon. Let them provide a pool of water in their respective houses of amusement for the benefit of young men whose intense thirst drives them out between the acts. Managers should spare no expense to cater to the wants of the patrons. —Norristown Herald.